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SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1919.

In Marco Polo's Day.

When we are not busy rediscovering something that was used by the ancients and then lost, finding it again and calling it an invention; we are busy patting ourselves on our highly inventive backs and bragging about the strides modern knowledge is taking into new fields.

Certainly the use of oil, of petroleum, for medicinal and fuel purposes is recent.

Coal oil lamps came within the memory of living men. The wide range of tar products used in medicine; the uses of coal tar derivatives for disinfectants and healing compounds all this is very new.

Listen: "On the confines towards Georgiana there is a fountain from which oil springs in great abundance inasmuch that 100 shiploads might be taken from it at one time. This oil is not good to use with food, but 'tis good to burn, and is also used to anoint animals that have the mange. People come from great distances to fetch it."

This little note on the use of naphtha and baser oils for lighting and medicinal purposes is taken from the writing of Marco Polo; written some 200 years before Columbus discovered America.

He was speaking of the great naphtha wells of the Baku peninsula on the Caspian Sea. A field that is still producing great quantities of oil, after these hundreds and hundreds of years of free flowing.

Which suggests that probably we will have oil and gasoline for some time yet, despite the frequent fret of oil magnates lest the supply be speedily exhausted.

A well that was flowing 100 shiploads six or seven hundred years ago, and still gushing, gives the flivver owner hope.

Austria has not yet adopted democratic methods. Food is scarce and high, and no one has thought to appoint an investigating committee.

Fighting Against an Epidemic.

Health Officer Fowler deserves commendation for the way he is making plain to the people the necessity for a concerted fight against a spread of influenza. By making known the number of cases each day he forcefully impresses upon the people the conditions that exist. Secrecy would cause many to believe that the disease had not returned. The disease was regarded as a joke last fall, many lightly referring to it as the "flu" at a time when the dead were being hauled to the cemeteries by the score. Colds were disregarded, and sneezing spells regarded as something to be made sport of.

The health officer has urged the preparation of emergency hospitals where the first cases may be treated. Of course, there will remain the hundreds who will cling to old-time household methods of treating the disease. This will be the hardest thing to combat.

At the first symptoms of the disease, a doctor should be consulted. And doctors must be forced to report all cases.

While the health officer is showing deep interest in warding off an epidemic, he should inaugurate a clean-up campaign in Washington that will really be a CLEAN-UP. Alleys and streets should be flushed daily. Eating places should be under the strictest surveillance.

Crowding of street cars is probably the worst source of the disease. If a staggered hour system were to be adopted in the departments, street car conditions would be improved and hundreds of lives saved. We believe that Dr. Fowler could easily get all heads of departments in a conference that would make possible a staggered hour system that would not only help health conditions, but would, in a measure, solve the traffic problem.

The more drastic the steps to prevent an epidemic the more thankful the public will be.

We Americans delight in scolding the greaser because he is lazy. But why should he work when he can capture Americans and hold them for ransom?

Servants of the Sea.

The movement to rebuild the American merchant marine will develop a new generation of men of the type which at one time made fame for the United States in every port of the world.

Yankee ships and Yankee skippers were unsurpassed. The Stars and Stripes at the masthead stood for seamanship.

No concerns of land call for the combination of loyalty and skill needed in the guidance of the affairs of a ship. The pay is small—the master of a trans-Atlantic liner receiving at the most \$5,000 a year—and the obligations and hardships are great.

Men do not go to sea to get rich nor to have an easy time. They go because they are seamen at heart.

There sailed the other day from Bath, Me., a schooner whose captain was 24 years old, handling his first command. His vessel went ashore near Wilmington, N. C., and Capt. Cochran, when he saw that it would be necessary to abandon the schooner, shot himself.

In that tragedy, as rash and needless as it was, is expressed the spirit of the sea as it is felt by mariners.

How many men ashore feel their honor to be bound up with the interests of their employers to the extent that a ship's master does?

Life at sea is for real men, and America will be able to supply them to meet the needs of growing mercantile fleets even as she did half a century ago.

A church publication says the Japs are more moral than Americans because Jap films show very little kissing. But who would wish to kiss a Jap?

Mismanaging the Earth.

Man's genius for blundering is colossal. Its manifestation in the war is hardly more striking than the every-day blundering on a large scale and small, that we have in peace times.

Herbert Hoover reports that seaport warehouses in Northern Europe are packed with foodstuffs, principally meats, fats and dairy products, which are in danger of spoiling because there is no market for them!

America supplied its portion of these goods.

They can't be sold, because the people of Europe lack credits. They were shipped and stored by speculators, who now hold them for high prices which can't be paid.

Meanwhile in America the cry of "shortage" goes up to explain high prices. And the pinch of hunger afflicts large populations in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Germany and the Baltic states.

Four billions in credits would be needed, Mr. Hoover says, to relieve the situation.

It would be interesting to see what arguments would be advanced against an embargo regulating the exportation of necessities from the United States.

The Prince of Wales might regard the arch as a second-hand or to him.

POLITICS

By The Occasional Prophet

Rumors of impending Cabinet changes will not down. It is certain, of course, that Mr. Redfield will leave within a couple of weeks. The talk about Mr. Lansing quitting may be the result of conflicting stories as to his attitude toward the league of nations. The best indication that no differences exist between Mr. Lansing and the President is that Mr. Lansing did not resign immediately on his return from Paris. The report that Mr. Polk will succeed to the position of Secretary of State probably is based on the fact that he is so well acquainted with all that has gone on that it would be a mistake to put in a new man at this time.

A new name is mentioned as the probable successor to Secretary Redfield. It is that of William B. Colver, now a member of the Federal Trade Commission. Mr. Colver has the confidence of the President and frequently, it is said, has been taken into the most important conferences. The energy that Mr. Colver has displayed as a member of the Federal Trade Commission has been particularly pleasing.

Two things would seem to operate against Mr. Colver being made Secretary of Commerce. First, he is an Ohio man, that State is already represented in the Cabinet. True, Mr. Colver's largest business interests are in Minnesota, and the President might consider it a compliment to that State to name him. But the second reason why Mr. Colver may not be named is that he is perfectly happy where he is. No job could have been cut out for him that would have better suited his wishes than that of Federal Trade Commissioner. His indomitable energy finds its best outlet in the work he is doing. And, too, the ramifications of his work are such that he must not care to leave it at this time. It signs do not fall some of the biggest things the administration has done will soon emanate from the Trade Commission.

An interesting tale reaches me from New York. It is that Senator Wadsworth is insisting that he shall have that State's delegation in the Republican National Committee. His insistence has become such that the National Republican Committee is terribly worried. Frankly, members of the committee and big Republican politicians like Senators Penrose, Fernald and Lodge do not consider Wadsworth as Presidential timber. Penrose has about half way promised his support to Senator Watson, of Indiana. Fernald is openly for Wadsworth. Lodge would rather have than Johnson, Dixie, or Borah. Anything like Wadsworth, didacy of Wadsworth, which would be like throwing a monkey wrench into the machinery, might wreck the plans of the big standpatners.

That little story about Nick Longworth having decided to accept the Republican nomination for governor of Ohio has things to buzz. Nick is a mighty good fellow, but he is not popular with a lot of Ohio Republicans. The southern part of the State is entitled to the Republican nomination for governor. Charles C. Kearns, of Clermont County, who has broken all records in his district by coming to Congress for a third term, is being seriously considered for governor. Kearns would like to see his district in his district by coming to Congress for a third term, is being seriously considered for governor. Kearns would like to see his district in his district by coming to Congress for a third term, is being seriously considered for governor.

JOBS AND POSITIONS.

By RICHARD SPILLANE.

What has become of the earnest young person who wanted a job and was content to keep peering away for a year or two in order to learn a business?

There was a time when a young person was happy to get a job. There was a time when a young man was indentured for a year or two or three to learn a business or trade.

E. W. Woolworth, the greatest retail merchant the world has had, worked six months for no pay for the privilege of learning enough about the retail trade to command a salary.

Today the first idea of the applicant for employment is as to how much money he or she will get. It does not matter whether he or she is fit or worthy, or if the employer wants to be paid for the period of training. Then, or before arriving at a stage of usefulness, there is request for more pay.

Paragraphs in one New York newspaper that are illuminating. Here they are:

"A stenographer in a dry goods store who was paid \$15 a week when she took the job of a soldier two years ago wanted \$35 a week recently. Now she is looking for a position."

"A girl who worked in a selling agency where gingham was handled was asked to wear a gingham dress during gingham week. She appeared in a satin skirt and a georgette waist and now is looking for a position."

"A dry goods commission house hired a boy as messenger two months ago at \$10 a week. A month later his pay was raised to \$12 a week. Within a short time he demanded \$15 a week. Now he is looking for a position."

Children Hail Peace.
 London saw its greatest gatherings of children in the Child's Day of Thanksgiving for peace. St. Paul's 5,000 gathered and sang in unison. In Westminster Abbey 3,000 celebrated peace.

PARENTAL.

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.
 Now when my boy is restless rude And rampant rough and careless crude; When he's so full of lightning-just a little bit of trouble—

No adult reasons may explain him. When safety-valves are little use And cylinder-heads cannot contain him. I grab fast to this startling truth, Before my brain begins to totter. That I myself was such a youth And not a dotting daughter!

Now when my girl shows some caprice Which threatens my somnolent peace; When I am bullied, teased, beguiled And tantalized on pins and needles. Then, just before I fall in fits That I am so besieged and harried. A sudden thought restores my wits—

'Twas such a girl I married! (Copyright, 1919.)

AND THEN IT HAPPENED



Dogs of Rich, Dogs of Poor Clutter Up Gotham Streets

Advertisements of Mail Formulae for Boozie Rile Antis—Art of Dancing Almost Crowded Out by Jazz Music.

By O. O. McINTYRE.

New York, Sept. 20.—Crazes of hotels, apartment houses and boarding houses, the police and the dogcatchers seem to be combining to make it more difficult each day for New Yorkers to keep man's best friend—the dog—and the net result is that everybody is trying to become the sole possessor of a canine. Tell New Yorkers they cannot have anything and they will get it—even if it is an influenza germ.

These fall days Fifth avenue is cluttered with dogs of every description. Dogs on silver and gold-leash leashes, dogs with rain coats, bizarre blankets, jewel-studded collars and there are a few plain mutts to make it interesting. There are dogs of the plodder, dog, mental-motive and mental-vital types.

Perhaps the most popular of all this year is the Alfrede. Despite the fact that this dog is said to be the most perfect cur, it grows in popular favor. Now and then a Broadway actress appears with a Russian wolfhound with the long muzzle and sad eyes.

A dog's face is most expressive, as Albert Payson Terhune, owner of the celebrated Sunbunny, collie farm, points out. The St. Bernard, for instance, shows by his face that he lacks imagination, but might do well as a judge of a police court. The snappy-looking Pom shows instantly he could wear a gray derby. Tell racy stories and probably sell limited editions of Balzac.

The Pekinese is the timid, retiring type that will scream when riding on the subway or in a bus, but is docile in a libousine. He is a self-satisfied aristocrat and even if called by name looks away or coldly drills the stranger through with much protruding eyes. Perhaps its forebears were head waiters long ago.

The Boston is second in popularity. The Boston is full of "pennies" and children and a born fighter. Along the Fifth avenue curbs there are many hawkers who carry an armful of puppies, and one told me the other day he sold about fifteen a day. The prices range from \$25 to \$150.

Sell Boozie Formula.
 Advertisements for mail order "boozies" are appearing in Gotham papers. The ads offer to send by mail formulae for making whiskey, beer and wine at home. The Anti-Saloon League and others interested in this subterfuge for selling liquor outside or skipping it by mail.

The ads point out that there is a bill pending in Congress to prohibit sales of liquor recipes, and readers

are urged to act quickly before the bill is passed and while the post-office refuses that formulae may be lawfully sent through the mails are in force.

The legal status is such today that such panders to the alcoholic appetite cannot be reached except by the Postoffice Department, and the dry forces are doing what they can to suppress this branch of the business.

Opera Seats Dearer.
 The \$7 seats at the Metropolitan Opera House for the winter are a new reminder of Gaudier's definition of music as "the most unpleasant and the most expensive of noises."

Vanderbilt Doesn't Quit.
 The New York Herald prints an editorial page denial of a report that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has quit his job as a reporter there. I quit a dozen or so newspaper jobs, some voluntarily and some not so voluntarily, and I never got a line. But young Vanderbilt seems to be making speed. In the city room one hears now and then a voice: "Vanderbilt on the phone."

And a modest young man goes to the phone and takes notes and writes a deathly bit of literature to go to the unfeeling copycats with their demon blue pencils.

Art of Dancing Almost Dies.
 Louis H. Chalif, who came from Russia with 20 rubles and seven years later built a \$1,000,000 dance studio opposite Carnegie Hall, told the American Society of Dance Professors last week how artistic dancing came very near buckling up and expiring without a struggle.

"The jazz dances of the honky-tonks," he said, "swept Broadway like wildfire. And had not a world war come along I believe that the modern dance would have become so vulgar that decent people would have revolted. We must get back to the simple steps—the true spirit of the real artistry of the dance. It became so that to refer to a person as a professional dancer meant a snub almost by self-respecting people."

He was Chalif who taught Gloria Gould, daughter of George Gould, how to dance the classic dances. She has given several recitals. He also taught the Vanderbilt and Whitney children to dance.

Cartoonist Worth Millions.
 "Bud" Fisher, the cartoonist, is in London now drawing pictures for a London newspaper. "Bud," they say, is on his fifth million. He has a number of big pieces of property here and in Chicago and has made some excellent investments.

THE PARAGRAPHERS' NEWS VIEWS.
 Staring Bostonward, we wonder if culture is even skin deep.—Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

Funny how they seldom reflect that it's a privilege to be living in this day and time in spite of the cost.—Atlanta Constitution.

Fame and Fortune always come too late. Cincinnati fans never had an opportunity to celebrate a world's series until the great drought.—Charlotte Observer.

"Massachusetts, there she stands."—Syracuse Post-Standard.

What's become of the old-fashioned fellow who used to say he feared he had eaten too much dinner?—Detroit News.

A LINE O' CHEER EACH DAY O' THE YEAR.
 By John Kendrick Bangs.
 (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
THE BETTER WAY.
 I'm going to give The while I live, Not wait till I Shall chance to die And leave behind Things of a kind In gold or song I'm not allowed to take along.

'Round the Town

With CAPT. J. WALTER MITCHELL

Secretary Redfield on Cuban Attire.

In a confidential report to the press, Secretary of Commerce REDFIELD says the Cubans are "fastidious dressers." He further states they are fond of jewelry and lavish in their expenditures for it since their fashions encourage the wearing of more jewelry than ours. These statements are given out as "tips" to American jewelers that Cuba "offers an excellent field" for their wares.

In this connection I am reminded by the modest attire of the jewelry is lavishly worn, he could not be pointed out as an object lesson. I am acquainted with other Cubans of the upper class, and have noticed that they are averse to any display of jewelry. Perhaps Secretary REDFIELD meant to say that Cubans of the middle and lower classes "wear ornaments profusely" as the late CHARLEY EDWARDS expressed it, referring to a certain class in Louisiana.

Dr. W. W. BAKER, the theological leader, is assisting in the formation of the District of Columbia Nonpartisan Citizens Committee Favoring a League of Nations. The foregoing is the rather lengthy title of the committee. Dr. Baker explains that there is no financial responsibility incurred in becoming a member of the committee—no admission fee or dues being charged. The brief pledge is this:

"I favor a league of nations for the purpose of better safeguarding the future peace of the world, and desire to enroll my name as a member of your committee."

Daily "Function" at Police Headquarters.

During a recent hearing at the Police Court a patrolman told of a daily "function" at detective headquarters. He said there is a "line-up" of prisoners there every morning at 9 o'clock. The persons arrested for criminal offenses are brought to Inspector GRANT'S office from the several precincts and are inspected and quizzed by the headquarters sleuths.

It also leaked out in the course of another hearing that the recent decrease in the number of hold-ups in certain sections of the city is due to a flying vice squad of trained policemen in citizens' clothes. This "get-em-quick" detachment is said to be accomplishing good results.

Policeman Also an Artist.

The home of Policeman THOMAS ORIANI, of the first precinct, 225 Second street northwest, is a veritable museum of art. In all parts of the house are paintings from the brush of Mrs. ORIANI and their talented children, while Mr. Oriani, himself, is constructing an art portfolio of white cement in imitation of marble in rear of his home.

When I met this artist-cop on his beat at Ninth and D streets I was reminded of the time I first met him, 32 years ago, when he became a member of the police force. Under the trained guidance of Sgt. TONY SHILLING, now a lieutenant, Oriani was doing duty in plain clothes and made a number of important arrests. Afterward for 15 years he was assigned to what was known as the "tunne gang," composed of Italian laborers employed in the southeast section of the city. He also was for a long time official interpreter of the police department. He still is performing what is known as a "hard street duty," patrolling his beat in the business center of the city and keeping pace with much younger policemen.

Such Is Life

As It Is Seen

By O. B. JOYFUL

In a three-hour battle with a monster horse, mackerel off the beach at Highlands, N. J., Conrad Anderson and Charles Wardell won. Their skiff was carried three miles by the fish in its effort to get free of the line. Mister Mackerel weighed 57 pounds. Yip, they finally landed him in the boat.

Cupid used to shoot with a bow and arrow, but life is entirely different in Eldorado. Eldorado, Kan.—Al Garland, who was shot about three weeks ago by Florence Nevelly, obtained a license to marry the girl today.

The silk hat is coming back into style in England, and last year's hat is coming back over here.

If you believe there are more wealthy people today than there used to be you forget that touching bit of song entitled, "The Serve Ham and Eggs Three Times a Day."

In Kansas City, Mo., they still cling to that moth-eaten idea that a wife should over her husband. Judge E. E. Porterfield, of K. C., sentenced Mrs. Gerald Bray to a term in the industrial school because she disobeyed her husband.

An apple tree bearing thirty-two kinds of apples and six varieties of

5,712,200 Days Work.

London.—Transport Workers' Battalion did 5,712,200 days work during the war, hauled 2,346,000 tons and earned more than 10,000,000.

921,000 Miles of Wire.

London's telephone and telegraph wires extend 921,000 miles overhead and 921,000 miles beneath its ground.

MAIN 1062



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"Obey that impulse"—and let

McConville

make your next

suit or overcoat

Chinese Lace-Making Grows.

Torchon aces, popular in America, were first made in Chefoo, China, twenty-five years ago, when missionaries taught the Chinese lace-making. Chinese now compete with Belgians in making laces.

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